

The blissefull dew of heaven do's arowze you.  
 The powerfull *Venus*, well hath grac'd her Altar,  
 And given you your love: Our Master *Mars*  
 Hast vouch'd his Oracle, and to *Arcite* gave  
 The grace of the Contention: So the Deities  
 Have shewd due justice: Beare this hence.

*Pal.* O Cosen,

That we should things desire, which doe cost us  
 The losse of our desire; That nought could buy  
 Deare love, but losse of deare love.

*Thes.* Never Fortune

Did play a subtler Game: The conquerd triumphes,  
 The victor has the Losse: yet in the passage,  
 The gods have beene most equall: *Palamon*,  
 Your kinsman hath confest the right o'th Lady  
 Did lye in you, for you first saw her, and  
 Even then proclaimd your fancie: He restord her  
 As your stolne Iewell, and desir'd your spirit  
 To send him hence forgiven; The gods my justice  
 Take from my hand, and they themselves become  
 The Executioners: Leade your Lady off;  
 And call your Lovers from the stage of death,  
 Whom I adopt my Frinds. A day or two  
 Let us looke sadly, and give grace unto  
 The Funerall of *Arcite*, in whose end  
 The visages of Bridegroomes weele put on  
 And smile with *Palamon*; for whom an houre,  
 But one houre since, I was as dearely sorry,  
 As glad of *Arcite*; and am now as glad,  
 As for him sorry. O you heavenly Charmers,  
 What things you make of us? For what we lacke  
 We laugh, for what we have, are sorry still,  
 Are children in some kind. Let us be thankfull  
 For that which is, and with you leave dispute  
 That are above our question: Let's goe off,  
 And beare us like the time.

*Florisb. Exeunt.*

Epilogue.

**I** Would now as  
 But as it is w  
 I am cruell fear  
 And let me lo  
 Then it goes ha  
 Lov'd a yong ha  
 Tis strange if no  
 Against his Con  
 Our Market: T  
 Have at the wor  
 And yet mistake  
 We have no such  
 (For tis no othe  
 (For to that hon  
 We have our en  
 I dare say many  
 Your old loves t  
 Rest at your serv